dancing on your grave

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dancing on your grave

by abbymyg

Summary

Hannibal and Will visit Freddie Lounds' grave after her funeral. Things get a bit heated.

For the bingo fill: Graveyard.

Notes

I want to preface this by saying that I love Freddie with all my heart and yet I love killing her in fics.

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

“Hannibal, stop,” Will complains, but there’s no strength behind his words. “Someone is going to see us—”

Hannibal shuts him up with a kiss and Will moans into his mouth.

They really shouldn’t be doing this. They’re in a graveyard. More specifically, on top of Freddie Lounds’ grave. It’s the night after her funeral, and Will is sure that the FBI must have agents near the area, most likely expecting both of them to show up.

He knows he should resist Hannibal’s advancements, but the moment he whispered in Will’s ear *how proud of him he was* for killing Freddie to protect them, he was a goner. Hence why they’re currently making out on top of her grave, dry humping like horny teenagers.

Hannibal sneaks his cold fingers under Will’s coat and shirt, making contact with Will’s hot skin. Will gasps at the difference in temperature but doesn’t move away. Hannibal smiles against his mouth and slides down to nip at his neck.

“Hannibal,” Will sighs. He bares his throat for him and wraps an arm around him for leverage while the other one rests on the cold stone behind them.

Hannibal kisses, sucks, and bites his skin at leisure, relishing in the sounds Will makes, increasingly desperate for more. The hand under his shirt starts moving up, caressing his stomach and reaching his chest. Two fingers twist one of his nipples and Will moans.

He presses himself to Hannibal’s body, grinding his cock against Hannibal’s perfectly placed leg. Hannibal groans and pulls Will’s hair to bare his neck even more. He licks his Adam’s apple and slowly downwards, until Will’s shirt buttons prevent him from going further.

“Hannibal, no, it’s too cold,” Will complains, but doesn’t fight Hannibal’s fingers deftly undoing his shirt.

“I have just the thing to keep you warm, my love,” the other man whispers in his ear.

Will moans. He can’t pretend that the prospect of such a difference in states of undress, especially in such a public setting, isn’t arousing.

His coat falls to the floor along with his shirt and Will shivers, leaning into Hannibal’s arm to protect himself from the cold winter air. Hannibal, the asshole, grins. Next time Will should make Hannibal blow him while kneeling naked on the fucking snow as revenge.

“Hurry up,” he demands.

“We have to prepare you, darling,” Hannibal says, fingers now sneaking under Will’s pants, nails sinking into the flesh of his ass.

“Do you think I didn’t expect this behavior from you?” Will raises an eyebrow at him. He grabs Hannibal’s wrist and guides his hand to his hole. “I prepared myself in the bathroom.”

Hannibal's eyes light up and he kisses Will. "How are you this perfect, mylimasis?"

Will rolls his eyes. "I just know you well enough to know you're a pervert."

"Weren't you complaining earlier that someone might see us?" Hannibal says, unbuckling Will's belt. "But look at you, darling, prepping for me before we left home." He lowers Will's pants and gets two fingers inside of him, making Will moan against his shoulder. "You want this even more than I do, don't you?"

Will moans, grip tightening on Hannibal's back. "Stop talking and fuck me already," he demands.

Hannibal smiles and kisses his temple. "Rude, mylimasis."

"Yeah? What are you going to do about it?" Will challenges with a raised eyebrow.

Hannibal opens his zipper to free his hard cock from his pants. He strokes himself a couple of times, using his own precum as lube, before roughly manhandling Will to turn him around and shoving him against the grave. Will gasps in surprise, but it quickly turns into a loud moan when Hannibal thrusts inside of him, hard and deep, with no preamble.

"Keep quiet now, darling," Hannibal says, stroking his hair. "You don't want any of the lurking FBI agents to hear you, don't you?" he asks teasingly.

"Fuck you," Will curses, gripping to the grave for dear life as Hannibal relentlessly pounds his prostate.

Hannibal's grip on his hips is almost painful and Will loves it. He knows they'll take a bath when they go back to Hannibal's place, see the beautiful bruises adorning his body, get horny and have another round.

The thought brings him close to the edge.

"Come for me, mylimasis," Hannibal says, panting against his ear.

Hannibal hits his prostate once more and Will does, coming in hard spurts that make his entire body shudder. Hannibal follows after, with seconds of difference, making Will moan even louder than when he came as Hannibal's hot cum fills him, warming him from the inside.

Once they both recovered enough to regain conscious thought, Will realizes with mortification that some of his body fluid landed on Freddie Lounds' gravestone. He blushes bright red.

"We should, um," he struggles to speak as Hannibal helps him dress. "We should clean that up."

End Notes

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